

Literary & Musical MAGAZINE.

No. 13. Music Series.]

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 29, 1819.

[Museum, No. 23. Vol. III.

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[By our Letter Box.]

THE ISOLATED LOVERS. A NOVEL.

Extracted from a late French work, for this paper.

"This idea of their affliction, the only one which ought with propriety to disturb us, is counterbalanced, however, by the anticipation of that joy which we shall afford them on our return."

"These consoling words, she accompanied with the most affectionate caresses. Her noble and generous sentiments, exalted her, if possible, in my estimation; and, whilst they augmented the passion I already felt for her, made me ashamed of my own weakness, and inspired me with the hope of rendering myself worthy of her—I felt my courage revive.

"We had now been more than two months, buried alive, as it were, estranged from the world, and living only to ourselves. Yet, notwithstanding our confinement, and the little exercise we could take in our limited sphere of range, our health remained unimpaired.

"At length, we lost the friendly ray, which had hitherto lighted our gloomy habitation; the chasm through which it issued, having been filled in consequence of the melting of the ice; and we could no longer discriminate night from day, but by the greater or less degree of cold we experienced. Shortly after, however, whilst groping around the mill-room, I was fortunate enough to find a tinder box and some matches, with which I immediately kindled a light. Moina dis-

covered a lamp—it was instantly lighted, and discovered to my enraptured eyes the features of the lovely Moina. Oh! how delightful was that moment! How rejoiced did I feel at this lucky chance, and how much was the value of it increased by the impassioned looks of Moina!

"Like those valuable plants, that preserve all the splendor of their foreign hues, in the enclosures where they are kept by the careful gardiner; so, Moina in her narrow seclusion, appeared more beautiful and more brilliant than ever. Her charms were decorated with a new splendor—her complexion was clearer—her delicate cheeks had acquired a fulness, a lustre and brightened colour, the tints seemed to have been blended by love and innocence. Her large blue eyes, half veiled by their delicately drooping lids, shot from betwixt their light folds, the lightning of desire to my enkindled heart. Her face alternately displayed the serenity of innocence, and the struggling emotions of artless passion. My imagination sought nothing more. Nature had never more kindly lavished on any of her favourites, the splendor of beauty, and the warm glow of health.

"I was too sensible of the value of the discovery I had made, not to be desirous of continuing its enjoyment—I feared every moment that we should again be plunged into darkness by the failure of our lamp; but Moina, who was much better acquainted than myself with the interior of the house, found in one of the upper apartments the necessary materials for its preservation. She supplied the wick by carefully twisting together a number of threads, which she patiently separated from a piece of linnen. So soon as we had secured the light, we resolved to employ it to the utmost advantage.

"We immediately proceeded to search every corner of our dwelling. In the course of this examination, we discovered the fire place; but, uncertain, whether there was any passage for the smoke, we durst not kindle a fire.

"In the mean time, the water, from the melting of the ice, had penetrated the roof and windows —two of them having been open at the time of the

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falling of the glaciers, were choaked with trunks and branches of trees confusedly tumbled together;—these formed so many channels for admitting the water from without, to the interior of the house. Among the rest, I noticed some branches of the chesnut, whose swelling buds announced the near approach of spring. I told Moina what I had observed, and we no longer doubted that a thaw had occasioned the unusual degree of humidity we had lately experienced, and thought it probable, that the putting forth of some early plants had intercepted the friendly ray of light, the loss of which we had so often and so much regretted.

"With a mixed sentiment of grief and reluctance, we examined a chest belonging to the owner of the mill, which contained the most precious effects of that unfortunate woman. On searching it, we discovered some linen and other articles of female apparel, letters of her sons who were then in the service of the king of Sardinia; an imitation of Jesus Christ, and a copy of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*; for you know, this book, the admiration of the learned, is also the amusement of the simple villager. Shepherds are often met with, who can repeat whole cantos of that beautiful poem. Moina opened the poem at a page which seemed to have been most frequently read. It was the seventh book, beginning with these verses, which are familiar to every Italian.

'Intanto Erminia infra Pombrose piante
D'antica selva, dal cavallo e scorta,
Ne piu governa il fren la man tremante,
Ferrezza quasi par tra viva e morta.'

'Meanwhile the courser with Erminia stray'd.
Through the thick covert of a woodland shade;
Her trembling hand the rein no longer guides,
And through her veins a chilling terror glides.
By winding paths, her steed pursued his flight,
And bore, at length, the virgin, far from sight.'

Hooke's Trans.

"Moina was much struck with the beauty of these lines, and with the knowledge she had already acquired, was able in a very short time, to read not only with facility, but with taste and elegance, the whole of that beautiful episode, in which the favourite poet of nature, has described with such truth and sentiment, the innocence, and the simple, unsophisticated manners of the pastoral life, where all the tender affections unfold

themselves in the bosom of tranquility, and domestic peace; remote from the ambition of courts, and the vulgar passions of those busy mortals, who are crowded together in populous cities. Her heart was interested in the fate of Erminia, and while contemplating the troubles of that heroine, she seemed to forget her own.

"By the frequent perusal of Tasso, I gradually and insensibly improved my taste. In the course of our reading, we imparted to each other our thoughts and remarks on the striking passages that occurred, and thus, by our mutual communications, we enlightened one another. We were especially delighted with the beautiful episode of Olindo and Sophronia, who preferred even death, and the ignominy of a public execution, to the misfortune of surviving one another.

"The sensible progress of vegetation in the trees by which we were surrounded, and the mitigated temperature of the atmosphere, induced me to conjecture, that the spring was in considerable forwardness. I was resolved to quit the place of our confinement, so soon as it might be in our power, and to avail myself of the strength and health I still possessed, and our present means of subsistence, which must necessarily fail us at some future day.

"I made my first efforts to escape, at one of the windows which was closed with wood;—by means of a hatchet, which I accidentally met with, I succeeded, after an indefatigable labour of eight days, in opening a passage to the roof of the mill, and was able to remove the dry leaves, and turn aside the water, which had heretofore so much incommoded us.

"Moina watched my daily occupation with an anxious eye; but, not satisfied to be idle while I was thus busily employed, she occupied herself the greater part of the time in making garments for herself and me. Moreover, she rendered to me every possible aid towards effecting our deliverance.

"One day, fatigued with our labour, we were sitting on the roof, to rest ourselves for a few moments—the note of a bird struck our ear; I looked around, in vain, to discover whence the sounds proceeded;—whilst conversing on this new incident, and desirous to learn where the bird was,

we perceived an agitation among the branches of a neighbouring tree—I arose and pulled them forcibly towards me—they gave way and fell upon us;—Moina uttered a loud cry—I trembled for her—it was only a cry of joy—she had just discovered the friendly ray of light, we had lost sight of for so long a time;—I now redoubled my efforts, and was soon able to permit the sun-beams to shine upon us, which disclosed to us, without obscurity, and without disguise, the whole nakedness of our condition.

“At the time of the late tremendous avalanche, a range of pines and chesnuts, which had fallen cross-ways, and rested against each other, had formed an arch above the mill capable of supporting the most enormous weight.

“The health of Moina, for some days seemed to be declining. My fears were excited, and I exerted myself to labour with still more perseverance than before, to free the obstructed passage; and, as soon as I perceived that I had obtained a free circulation of air, between the roof and the aperture from whence the light proceeded, I no longer doubted the practicability of using fire with safety.

“Filled with joy at this discovery, I hastened down to the lower floor of the mill, collected some coals which were buried in the ashes, and fortunately succeeded in kindling a fire.

“We had a supply of wholesome provisions; we possessed meats, dried and cured, according to the custom of the mountain shepherds, in a state of perfect preservation. By soaking them in water, we freshened them, and relieved them from the super-abundant salt, and when cooked they were palatable.

“This change of regimen, however, could not long preserve the health of Moina. Though not a murmur of complaint escaped her lips—yet, her languid eyes, and altered countenance, gave but too plain indications of some secret malady.

“For some weeks, with great solicitude, I watched her declining health;—she saw my anxiety with pain; and, one day, when it was more strongly marked than usual, taking me affectionately by the hand, she said—‘My dearest friend, why thus afflict yourself? Why suffer your countenance to be clouded by these marks of grief! Let not me, I pray you, add to your sufferings, those which I endure. The benevolent Author of

our existence, who always listens to the prayer of the virtuous, will listen to ours;—we shall not always remain confined to this place, and I feel a strong presentiment, that we shall soon be delivered from our present prison, and that pure air, and unconstrained exercise, will soon restore to me the enjoyment of health. Be satisfied, that He who fashioned our hearts for each other, will not suffer us to be separated. For some time past, our residence has become more comfortable, and we may reasonably indulge the hope of additional comforts.’ [To be continued.] S. T. PIERE.

[By our Letter Box.]

TO MISS CHERUBINA.

Teach me how I shall forget thee,
All my efforts have been vain;
Thus forever to regret thee,
Were eternity of pain.

Would that thou hadst never taught me,
All of Love’s delirious joy;
Would those smiles had never caught me,
Falshood only can destroy.

Would this heart had never slumber’d,
Blest with dreams so sweet for truth,
Then those pangs it ne’er had number’d,
Pangs that blight the hopes of youth.

Far from thee now doom’d to wander,
Newer friends may warm thy heart,
But a warmer---truer---fonder—
There,—’tis vain,—for now we part.

Wild and fierce those waves are beating,
Where my bark is doom’d to stray;
Rudest winds my sorrows greeting,
Tear me from my soul away.

Summer-suns may soon be glowing,
Thickening wild-woods ever bloom:
Vainly all their sweets bestowing,
On the heart which sighs consume.

Still to thee my memory turning,
Culling sweets amid its pain,
Ever feeds a bosom burning,
Ever cheers a fever’d brain.

For in every hour of sorrow,
Hours that live alone for me,
Thro’ each unchanged and changeless morrow,
Still my heart shall turn to thee.

Philadelphia, Feb. 4th 1819.

The Vale of Avoca.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The word "Expressivo." is written above the staff. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff begins with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are as follows:

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet, As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet; O the last rays of feeling and life must depart, Ere the bloom of that valley shall

II.

Yes it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
O! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

III.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were
near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more
dear;
And who felt now the blest charms of nature im-
prove,
When we see them reflected from looks that we
love.

IV.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest.
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
When the storms which we feel in this cold world
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in
peace.

NOTE.—The above beautiful lines (accompanied with music no less enchanting,) were written by Th. Moore, on visiting the "meeting of the waters" of the rivers Avon and Avoca, in Wicklow, between Rathdrum and Arklow.—*EDITOR.*

[By our Letter-Box.]

THE STORM.

The vessel scuds before the lively gale,
And William sends a sigh to greet his love;
When lo! dread billows threaten to assail,
The tempest gathers, pending from above;
Each face betrays the sailor's anxious fear,
In vain they think on those they left behind;
A wife, a sweet-heart or a parent dear,
Rock'd with the fury of the whirling wind.
And now the dreadful cry, 'a leak is sprung!'
In wildest accents echoes from below;
The storm still rages; while from every tongue,
Despairing broken exclamations flow.
Oh, heaven's! see! she sinks! yon mighty wave,
O'erwhelm'd, with William, many a comrade brave.

—
OLERON.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Behold yon desert island! view the scene,
William at last has gain'd the barren shore;
Mid thoughts of rapture, woe must intervene,
To think he ne'er shall see his Mary more.
Frantic he walks the little island round,
No vestige yet of human form appears;
He falls despairing on the barren ground,
While not one ray of hope his bosom cheers.
Three tedious days his sighs are lost in air,
While thoughts of Mary rack his tortur'd mind;
He raves...he kneels...he rises in despair,
When lo! a sail appears before the wind.
They make for shore, he joins them out to sea,
Each mess-mate melts in gen'rrous sympathy.

OLERON.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 31, 1819.

The following will explain the delay of this No. for which we solicit, for the first time, an indulgence.

The Grand Concert IN AID OF THE MASONIC FUNDS.

The emulation of talent, as well as the uncommon number, of vocal and instrumental performers, combined for this laudable purpose, afforded one of the richest treats perhaps ever known in this city. We had purposely delayed the appearance of this paper until this morning, to give our musical friends the particulars, with some critical remarks, on such an uncommon association of vocal powers as Mrs. O'Neil, Mrs. De Luce, Mrs. Burke, and Mr. Brenan: But we find ourselves inadequate to do justice to the emulation excited, where all excelled, by committing our thoughts to paper, in the hurry to which the protracted hour has reduced us; and must therefore postpone the tribute of our applause to a more leisure hour. We must however observe, that, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather; there was perhaps as great an assemblage of both sexes as ever witnessed here on a similar occasion; and who all seemed to feel the applause they gave to the *trio of beauty*, and their gentleman assistant, Mr. Brenan, who certainly must be acknowledged, for figure, manner, voice, delivery, and execution, a perfect Philips.

The following handsome Ode, on the occasion which gave rise to the preparation of this grand Concert, will not be unacceptable to the public.

ODE.

In slumbers of darkness the universe lay,
The germs of true knowledge repos'd in the mind:
When order prevail'd resplendent as day,
The sun-beams of Masonry burst on mankind!
A temple was open'd to brotherly love,
The altar was sprinkled with corn, oil, and wine,
Its incense ascended to Heaven above,
And Faith, Hope and Charity guarded the shrine!
This Temple once enter'd, within all was light,
Once pass'd o'er the threshold, the veil was remov'd,
And Man stood majestic when rais'd to the height,
His God he ador'd and his Brother he lov'd,
How grand was the motive that urg'd him to kneel,
At altars he built to humanity dear!
The Widow and Orphan were soon taught to feel,
That smiles may succeed to the grief-springing tear.
From regions of morn to the closing of day,
From south to the point where no portal is known,
Cemented by love, man of man was the stay,
And Masonry held, of the arch, the key-stone!

Sublime in the west stood the order, how bold,
And grand was the fane rear'd in liberty's clime,
Misfortune has touch'd us, and ah! we behold,
Our temple in ruins, the boast of our time!
Though ashes and ruins now cover the earth,
Tho' splendour be shrouded how transient the gloom!
The phoenix consuming expects a new birth,
And youth, health and beauty emerge from the tomb!
Oh! then let the craft in their strength now arise,
Again rear their temple as worthy its name:
Again let its avenues lead to the skies,
And ages unborn shall rejoice in its fame!

THE HUMBUG SOCIETY.

No. II.

Risum tineatis Amica?—Hor.

There being an author whom we had long time taken notice of, and who, we had reason to think, would be a great acquisition to our society, we were resolved by some means or other to get him among us: for this gentleman having frequently humbugged the public with his writings, part of which he had stolen from other works, it was natural for us to suppose by this specimen that he would be a great ornament to our society. I was the man, even I, who was determined to introduce him. Our meeting was to have been on Saturday, accordingly I sat up the preceding night considering within myself what humbug measures were the best to adopt. Early the next morning, the morning of that great day, "big with the *feats of Andrew and the Bard*," I rose, dressed, sat down, got a pen and ink, a sheet of paper, and wrote the following letter:

SIR—In respect to a recent affair which greatly concerns both you and me, I insist you will meet me at the——'s coffee-house. Fail not I request, as such a disappointment must be of mutual disadvantage." &c.

This letter was soon dispatched to his lodgings, and the poor author, doubtless expecting some happy interview with a kind patron or admirer of his great abilities, made I dare say as much as possible of his clothes (for authors generally have but one suit) and put an additional quantity of flour into his hair. As I breakfasted at this coffee-house on purpose, I apprised the waiters of my design, and the reader may be sure from the whimsicality of my disposition, that I waited with impatience the result of my scheme.

The gentleman came some minutes before the time appointed; he was escorted by the waiter to a private apartment, and informed that Mr. A. would wait upon him immediately.

An hour elapsed, which I dare say appeared three to the impatient author, who no doubt tortured his fancy more than if obliged to find ryhme for *month* and *silver*, to discover what this visit would tend to. I am told by the waiter, who could not forbear listening now and then, that he heard him exclaim with no little exultation to himself.

"Egad, fifty to one it's the manager of the Theatre, who wants to see me about my new opera—yes—yes I have it now, it must be so. O! that piece will make me up, there I have displayed such abilities upon two ballad stories, that my name must be immortalised for ever; to be sure I have borrowed two or three thoughts in the songs—egad I have made so free with the odes of the Irish lyric poet, that one air is almost verbatim—but no matter, many people think that he is mad, and if any suspicion should arise, he'll certainly be suspected for the thief—Eh?—Perhaps it's the father of that dear bewitching girl that I made proposals for who has appointed this meeting.—Egad if we can settle matters, her fortune will make a *man* of me, and then my writings—O they—they will make me a *god*. I shan't appear too eager about the match, for fear the old gentleman may want a settlement—Eh?—Perhaps it's my cousin from Orleans—no, that's impossible, though---perhaps---"

Thus while he was taking repeated measures of the room, now expecting the manager, and then his father in law; at last his patience was exhausted, he rang the bell again, and informed the waiter that if the gentleman did not come soon he could wait no longer.

Assured of his immediate presence, he endeavoured to reconcile himself to another half hour's stay; at the expiration of which the waiter appeared again, saying the gentleman was below, and to the no small astonishment of our hero, laid two brace of large pistols, and a quantity of ball, powder, and shot on the table. He then smothering a laugh left the room.

The surprised author ceased his walking, standing now in mute consideration of what he saw—His impatience became more intolerable, and yet he was unwilling to hurry the gentleman. At last he rang the bell again, and upon the waiter's re-appearance, requested him to present his compliments to the gentleman, that he had staid upwards

of two hours for the pleasure of seeing him, and that he could possibly delay no longer.

"Sir, replied the waiter, he says you *must* stay till he sees you; he is at present discharging a pistol or two below stairs—I never was so surprised in all my life—I protest he shot an ace of diamonds fairly through at six yards distance—I dare say he will be up immediately, sir."

The waiter now turned upon his heel, and locking the door upon the author, left him in surprise which baffles every description. All thoughts of manager, father in law, cousin, &c. were banished; he raised the window, and would no doubt have leaped out but that the height thereof alarmed him. Various were now his confused imaginations, but this he was almost sure of, that some secret enemy was coming to assassinate him.

I now ventured to perform my part and assuming a most tremendous voice on the head of the stairs,

"Where is he, cried I, now will I satiate my revenge;" then entering, I told him to prepare, and give me satisfaction.

"Satisfaction!—for what?"

"Come, sir—charge—no evasion."

"But pray, sir, let me know my offence."

"Offence—the greatest in nature, you have fallen in love with the girl that I love. One of us must fall—so prepare."

The poor author made many excuses in a trembling tone—I still insisted, swore, and stamped; at last bursting into a loud laugh, which was the cue, a division in the room opened and discovered the Humbug Society seated—the president immediately arose, and pronounced admittance to the author.

MERRY ANDREW.

[To be Continued.]

ANECDOTE.

A person having purchased a watch, placed it in his fob, and strutting across the floor, says to his wife: "Where shall I drive a nail to hang my watch upon, that it may not be disturbed and broke?" "I do not know a safer place," replied his wife, "than in our *meat barrel*—I'm sure no one will go there to disturb it."

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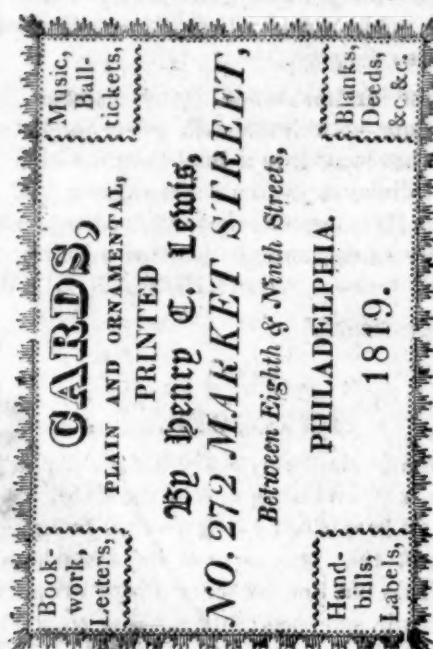
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Philadelphia, Feb. 22, 1819.

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